

# The BULLET

VOL. III

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FREDERICKSBURG, VA. MAR. 10, 1930

NO. VIII

## JUNIORS SHOW

### UNUSUAL TALENT

#### "Footlight Revue" Most Colorful

Again the Junior Devils put their best foot forward, and gave the school a treat in a way that only they are capable of doing. This class is one of the most fortunate on the campus in having a variety of talent that is unusual. "The Footlight Revue," to those who enjoy beautiful music, graceful dancing and delightful drama, was a bit of heaven.

The heroine, Miss Elsie Powell, already a favorite among the students, again by her soothing, melodious voice swayed her audience. She held them speechless during her solos. Miss Evelyn Mitchell, as her suitor, sang especially well, and displayed splendid talent. Miss Jeannette Luther as second lead revealed her voice to the public for the first time. She had a manner and voice that made you want more of it. She was ably supported by Miss Virginia Harding, her "Dream Lover."

The Juniors were more than lucky to have the two Black Crows, Hiram and Hank. The house was in a continuous uproar while these able comedians held forth and they were more than original. They stopped everything and held everything. We hand it to you, Hiram and Hank. You had the it of the Footlight Revue.

Well trained, snappy, choruses were an outstanding feature. The Chinese chorus and the Spanish chorus showed talent and training. Snappy, graceful steps put them over with a bang.

Miss Sammie DuBose and Miss Virginia Stevens charmingly portrayed the Spanish gaitety when they featured the tango to the melodious "La Paloma." Sammie proved to be an effective and attentive Senior to his lovely Seniorita, Virginia Stevens. They received the necessary applause, which was no more than was expected.

Miss Mary D. Chambers as an oriental dancer thrilled the audience to their finger tips.

The Juniors were anxious to give the public an especially exceptional programme, so they arranged for Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Leatherberry, two old favorites from the Virginia Glee Club, to be here for us. These young men held the show and they alone would have been ample entertainment.

We congratulate you Juniors for such a delightful evening of entertainment and we are anxiously looking forward to next year's Senior Benefit.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Emily Ailsworth, President; Miss Enders, Adviser; Grace McKenzie, Secretary; Nan Collier and Gladys Tilley, Class Representatives; Sara Harris, Treasurer; Ritchie McAtee, Vice-President.

## THE LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

And now, after Dr. Combs, Judge Embrey and various other prominent and influential people from Fredericksburg have been to Richmond and put in a good word for us, we find that our ambitious ship has been becalmed and that no definite action will be taken until 1932.

The Senate has decided to continue its investigations, weigh the factors for and against, but take no really definite steps toward selecting the site for the Liberal Arts College until 1932.

Just recently a bill was passed to locate the College anywhere in the State nor nearer than thirty miles to the University of Virginia; this will lessen the competition.

We can go on living in hopes that the decision will finally be in our favor; for, are we not ideally located between two capitol, amidst one of the most historical settings in the country? Do we not have excellent means of transportation? We could go on endlessly naming the many reasons why the College should be put here. And, with our new buildings, and the improvement of the roads around the campus, we find new attractions. We have the facilities; we want the College here! It is said "If you want a thing badly enough you can get it!" Let's do our best in getting the Liberal Arts College here!

## A CREW OF CAROLINIANS

A lot of sailors hail from Carolina, and on Thursday afternoon, February 20, the Crew of Club members held a regular meeting in the Tea Room.

This meeting was a business and social one. First the Carolinians were reminded to pay for their page in the annual immediately. A discussion as to the theatre party this group is planning was held, but no definite date has been set yet, as to the time of the party.

## DEDICATION

We, the Sophomore Class of S. T. C., dedicate this issue of the "BULLET" to our anchors, the Seniors.

## SENIORS SPONSOR Y. W. PROGRAM

The Seniors had charge of the Y. W. Program on Sunday, February 9.

They chose a very interesting and suitable subject, "Alma Mater."

Evelyn Thornton, who had charge of the program, told just why they had chosen this subject. Anne Tankard recalled the past and its memories; Muried Howard told us just what the college is today, and Katherine Jones pictured it in the future. "My Creed" was sung by Elsie Powell.

After singing "Alma Mater," the meeting was dismissed by the Y. W. benediction.

## SECRETARY OF STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT VISITS COLLEGE

On Wednesday, February 5, Mr. Minter, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, was our guest here on the hill.

During the day he met girls in the club room and discussed with them all points of religion and Student Volunteer Movement in the United States and other countries. Many girls seemed to be interested in the movement. Some discussed it freely from all angles, but leaned more towards home missions.

As our guest he was invited to lead vesper service. He accepted, and all girls who attended the service expressed it as a beautifully carried out program. The girls gave their support by attending in great numbers.

Later in the evening, Mr. Minter met Y. W. Cabinet and Volunteer Members for an informal discussion of Y. W. work and the work that is being carried on in the foreign field.

## BATTLEFIELD PICTURES

"Swab the decks, me hearties; get everything shipshape, for the photographer is coming to take scenes for the 'Battlefield' today." Such were the orders of Admiral Quinn to her gabs on Tuesday, February 11.

"All ready? Good! Here he comes. Ship ahoy! Lieutenant Royal. Welcome to our crew. Do you think there's any chance of rain or snow?"

"Not one," he answered. "Where are most of you hearties from?"

"Virginia," they shouted.

"Then, we'll cruise by the Old Dominion and take our pictures on the section of the state from which you hail."

"O-Kay with me," screeched the parrot as he swayed to and fro on his perch.

Among the sections taken were the Northern Neck, Tidewater, Piedmont, Carolina and Peanut sections. Back to the ship were our orders. After a lunch of navy beans all of the class teams were shot, including our varsity basketball. The choir and choral clubs came next and last but not least came the fire department. We all hove to Frances Willard and there stood the puffing engine. We clambered on board and "smiles for the birdie." The chief gave us all a ride for our good behavior and with a "That's all" and "Thank you," we anchored.

## Y. W. C. A. SERVICES ON FEBRUARY 9

Miss Eppes and Miss Willis had charge of the Y. W. program on Sunday, February 9.

Miss Eppes sang several selections by modern composers, accompanied by Miss Willis at the piano.

This was one of the most enjoyable programs this year. We would like to have more like it!

## BOSTON MALE CHOIR PRESENTS MUSICAL PROGRAM

### Concert Impressive and Appealing

"Land ho, mate, what's that black speck I see on de water? And what's that noise I hear? Sounds like the fuss that comes out of those grinding things that people keep in their rooms in the college back in Fredericksburg. What you call them? Port hole viktoles? Run, boy, and tell the captain! My wooden leg won't carry me fast enough."

"Bless my soul, it's getting taller. Why, it's something big—a submarine! And ther's a man, two men. Haul 'em up!"

"Good-day, I'm Director Demeter Zachareff of 'Bahston!'"

"Oh, so you're from Boston. Say, Director, do you have any of those beans in your boat? Next to good music, I like bake beans and brown bread best."

"I'd like to see your captain."

"Oh, he's coming. But listen, boss, if you're a director, what do you direct?"

"The Bahston Male Choir."

"Well, how 'ya do. I've met you before. What are you all going to do this time? I'll call all the folks on deck and we'll have a big time. Bring up your crowd."

"Good-bye, director, we sure did enjoy dat concert. You all's voices were certainly strong and impressive (is that what you call it?), I like your songs, too, especially the one called "Border Ballad." And that "Uncle Moon" was pretty too.

"Mr. Boardman, I was some glad we had a piano on deck. You touched those ivories as if you knew them. You're an artist: we sailors hate to see you leave.

"Ahoy there, Polly, what is you trying to do? Old girl, you might just as well shut up. You ain't no soprano like Miss May Korb. She reminded me of those beautiful birds bak there in Fredericksburg. Her voice was as melodious an' tender, and appealing.—Polly, you can't sing—"Swiss Echo Song" like Miss Korb, you sound like you've gone dry. You'd better stick to your song about crackers.

"Well, we surely do thank you for repeating that pretty "Italian Street Song" that you sang last year. Good-bye, and come again sometime."

# THE BULLET

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FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA  
MEMBER OF VIRGINIA INTERCOLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE BULLET is published semi-monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to chronicle the chief events of the college life and to create a greater and finer school spirit among the students.

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Has the staid, respectable BULLET foresworn entirely her allegiance to land fighting? Not at all! We Sophomores, who sponsored this issue, felt that nothing on earth would be a suitable vehicle to convey our news, and so we have tried the sea. We hope that, even though it is a bit different in its organization, this issue will meet with your approval.

Our staff is composed of the following:

Editor-in-Chief.....GLADYS TILLEY  
Business Manager.....GRACE MCKENZIE

The reporters were members of the class.

## FATE OR HUMAN WILL?

"Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound are we."

Humanity and Life have been compared to, or symbolized by, Ships and Seas. Many people think of man as a helpless mortal adrift on an ever-winding current called life; others symbolize the same thing in the same way but with this difference—they believe that a steersman is at the helm to direct the course instead of thinking that the ship is blown heedlessly about by the winds of fate. Someone has summarized the most optimistic viewpoint in this little poem:

"One ship drives East and one drives West

By the self-same wind that blows:

It's the set of the sails and not the gales

Which determines the way it goes.

Like the winds of the seas are the winds of fate

As we voyage along through life.

'Tis the set of the soul that decides it's goal

And not the calm or the strife."

That philosophy lies open to reception or rejection. Individuals must be considered. But whether we choose to be, or are forced to be, optimistic or pessimistic, we must face facts. History and experiments have proved conclusively that different individuals, with like heredity and growing up in the same environment, have developed into entirely different personalities and varied greatly in their accomplishment. And the only answer to this would seem that the set of the sails and the set of the soul prevail against the gales and winds of Fate.

Sails must be spread to every wind that blows. Sometimes the sailors are raw and the depths are new, but we must speed on the ship and not furl the sail, draw down the mast, and drop anchor at the first storm. We do not wish to be like the ships that started sailing blithely for sunny isles and never came to shore, but rather like the strong-built ships that staunchly laughed at all disaster and joyously wrestled with wave and whirlwind.

And last, we must remember that we cannot keep one course. But we should be glad of this—for "every climate, every soil, must bring its tribute, great or small, and help to build the wooden wall." And even if "our barks across the pathless floods hold different courses," with our souls poised level and true, our Master shall hear our call across the turbulent waves and bear us safely into harbor.

"Where lies the land to which our ships must go?"

And from whence comes the power to steer them so?

M. W., '32.

# STUDENT OPINION

## ABUSING PRIVILEGES

What is a privilege, anyway? Briefly, it is some particular benefit, or liberty granted to persons which bestows upon them immunity from certain laws, rules, or regulations. Up here on the hill we think of a privilege as liberty, more freedom, a concession granted us which enables us to vary from routine and we get a big thrill out of utilizing all that come our way. There are few colleges that have as many privileges as we do. And yet—see how we abuse them! They are being torn down and ill-treated on all sides and nothing sufficiently drastic can be done about it.

Some people are quite happy and enjoy themselves thoroughly when they think they're "getting by" with something, or "putting it over" on somebody, but they are the ones who sooner or later get their reward, and it is not always so pleasant either. The girl who abuses her privileges or liberties and has to forfeit them by a campus sentence may think council a bore, a nightmare, or something else just as terrible and hateful, but she should not. The offending party has played the game once too often.

It may be that some girls believe that they simply can't get used to so many rules because they have always done as they pleased, but I would hate to admit, even to myself, that I could not conform to my environment.

Do you feel you are giving up something, or missing something, when you do not abuse your privileges? Go ahead and miss it—you will be the bigger and finer for having had a real lesson in self-government.

A. A.

## THE BUSINESS OF BEING A CHRISTIAN

Today we have thrown aside dogmatic beliefs about Christ and the Bible and have given the world various theories concerning His birth, His teachings and His crucifixion. We may accept the theory that satisfies us, or we may formulate one of our own. We no longer have to "believe" to be "saved." Our personal salvation, if we call it that, is ours to look after.

Nevertheless we have never thrown aside Christ and His teachings. The life He lived and the things He taught cannot be attacked, because even today we find that they are not old-fashioned, but that they are still entirely workable. That brings me to the question, "Are you a Christian?" Do you even try to live a life that follows closely the one that Jesus led?

Are you thoughtful of the other fellow? Do you ever stop on your way to class to help somebody pick up the books she has dropped? Do you try to be as careful as possible to be quiet when you know somebody on your hall feels bad, or do you slam doors and scream in the halls, just because you have the "right"? Do you spill things all over the table cloth for the fun of it, or do you do your best to keep it clean? Do you really try to help your table girl a little? One could think of hundreds of things that you do each day that say you are not a good Christian. Just professing to be a Christian does not make you one. Try being one for awhile.

L. M. S., '31.

## CO-OPERATION

What is our much vaunted "school-spirit?" We contend that it is this quality which holds together our various school organizations, and we are right. However, school-spirit is only a name for a much more valuable quality: co-operation. As long as we are in school our school spirit will mean co-operation, but what of the years after school life is ended?

No successful business enterprise is ever carried through without the co-operation, not only of the heads and officers of the business, but that of every single employee. There is a place and work for every person in every walk of life. He has his own individual task to perform, and he must often do it alone. Yet that bit of work must fit exactly into the scheme of things, and conform to the shape of the piece that lies beside it.

A great poet said:

"Leaves, twigs, bark, each perfect, may be

But clapped together, badge-padge, they do not make a tree."

You will be surprised to learn later that, though you may be an expert in your line of work, if you fail to co-operate with your fellow-workmen, few employers will risk dissension in their plants by placing you there.

The time to learn co-operation is not when you start business. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks. Start practicing now, in your school, your play, and your whole life.

Pull with the rest of the crowd; it will not only help them, but it will get you along the road to success much faster than you could get it alone. Benjamin Franklin meant about the same thing when he said to the colonies, "United we stand, divided we fall." That is as true now as it was in his time, and just as true of you and me as it was of the philosopher and early Americans.

Elections! - - Elections!

Think, and Select Wisely

## CHEWING GUM

I wonder how many of you feel as I do? Although I think I am a very tolerant sort of person, there is one thing that I just can not seem to tolerate and that is chewing gum. Click, clack, clack, click, all day long, wherever you go you hear it. You rise on the way to breakfast you walk along by someone who has started already. In class, often, the teacher has to ask some student to remove it. You come to the mail box, and you think you must be surrounded on all sides by typewriters, for what else could keep such an eternal, rhythmical clicking? Looking around you see that there are only a couple of girls enjoying their after breakfast chew. You go to the library to study and one of the devotees of Spearmint or Beechnut or whatever the brand may be, comes and sits beside you. You try to concentrate, but is it possible with all that noise? At chapel, convocation, and social functions of all kinds there is the same tune. I am not against chewing gum—oh, no—but I do think that there is a time for all things, and I believe chewing gum was meant for your private boudoir and not as a public nuisance.

T. L. W.

## ALUMNAE NEWS

Ship ahoy, my lads; ship ahoy. Get aboard and give an account of your furlough.

Well, skipper, so you saw one of our old crew, Dot Pettus, stranded on the isle of Craddock like a veritable "Robinson Crusoe," furiously tabulating books in the High School Library? Sounds like one of her college-day tricks, eh mates?

First mate, so you went to Norfolk and found Atwood Graves and "T" Webb, your old buddies, teaching side by side. And as spontaneous about it, as they were about their college work. Good for them; may they always sail smoothly, with no storms. Eh, what's that? You say you also saw "Trudy" Ellerton? Rushing to the docks to catch the boat to New York for the week-end. So she is in just as big a hurry as ever!

Oh and so you, second mate, saw "Trudy's" old shipmate, "Jack" Dickert in Alexandria teaching in a private school for boys. "Jack," we never thought you would come to that!

And Katherine Rowe is at last sailing the sea of matrimony with her David. May she have fair weather and a happy voyage.

Alas, Virginia Saunders still has the shopping fever and was last seen hunting bargains in one of the shopping centers of Norfolk.

And, captain, you stayed at the good ship F. S. T. C. to greet Elizabeth Durkin when she visited here last week-end! We shall have to give you all another furlough!

## A Nautical Viewpoint On Convocations

"Make a break for those little doors astern!" shouted the captain to the First Mate. "I'm going to be in on this Convocation, just as sure as this is February, 1930."

"Shiver my timbers! There's a gang up here."

"Here, I'm anchored mate, not so bad. Who is the man that is talking?"

"Bless my spars, how can I hear with the jane giggling in my ear? He's saying that this convocation was got up by Mrs. Ramey's history class, and all grammar teachers should do likewise, and get your elbow outa' my spare ribs."

"Mate, there's dames wid powdered wigs, and long skirts, and men with long hair and kneebreeches!"

"Umph, ain't they sissy—shhh, there goes the curtain; put your clumper on."

"Well, blow me down if that wasn't a sight for sore eyes."

"Uh-huh! Now we gotta' cast our anchor somewhere else."

"Hold to your deck rail, and wait till they all leave. Heave faith."

"Carrots, I done lost all sense of bearings. Where's the stars?"

"Here comes a lubbre, cast for him."

"Aho, sir; can you tell me—Davey Jones locker, if it ain't the bosun! Mate, lemme tell you what we saw—"

"Easy on your steam, mate; easy on the steam."

"First we saw Teddy and Bessie, two school kids that were bored to death by studying the same tiring general facts about a long dead general; no pictures of his personal life. Nothing to make him human. Studying with Bessie and Sarah Anne, Teddy fell asleep, and saw untold glimpses of Washington."

"Bless my weather flags—they sure were good and—"

"Trim your sails, mate, I'm telling this yarn. We saw little George was real considerate of his pay, and he is as honest in his school work that his sister Betty wasn't quite—"

"Steer clear, mate! steer clear!"

"Hold your anchor; George was a lot like today's boys—he wanted to fight and be a soldier. Then we saw him with Lawrence, his brother, who unselfishly tried to find a career for George that would suit him and his peace-loving mother. And, messmate, you should have seen George in a petticoat and cap and the red coats and—"

"How—how! And Liza, the ole' negress."

Another move outa' you and down you go to visit Davey Jones."

"Dry up. Sailor boy, there was the sweetest music, and George came bringing a swell gift to his friend the Indian princess. Last of all came the sassiest scene."

"Bosun, you should have heard about the fox hunt Jefferson and Madison were talking about, and

they started to say something about a gal—

"Shiver my forecandle, who's telling this? And these men came to the reception and brought their better halves along all dressed up. Gobs of others came, too. Robert Morris, Hamilton, Adams, Betsy Ross. They were all drinking tea so peaceful like and the gilb blue curtain came together with a swish and mate, we pulled anchor and left."

Well, bless my crow's nest! and the bosun shook his head sadly, "I sure meant to get here on time. I've missed both of them now."

"What do you mean by 'both'?"

"Well, this. I was resting peacefully on deck the morning after they had the Convocation of February 19, and up walks the Second Mate. And the second mate begins to talk to me."

"Ha, what have we here—another Sleeping Beauty? Let me tickle him with my toe. Up with you, you lazy lubber, up and at work!"

"You! (Pity your toes if they hurt like my sides). Why should I work? The weather is fair and the sea is like a mirror."

"A word to the wise is sufficient, mate, listen to what I'm going to sing. Now I heard this at the college in Fredericksburg about three weeks ago. Dr. Altstetter talked on work. He used some Bible verses as a background, and he told us that unless we were working for a particular purpose we would soon find something lacking in our lives. God himself worked, and when Man was in Paradise he was given a task and when he was sent to earth, it was to work."

"Dr. Altstetter said it might sound strange to some, but he enjoyed his work. It brought him in contact with youth. He gave as examples Lincoln and Washington, whose works will stand through the ages forever. Without striving to be great we can put into work the joy of life and get life that is lasting. I am a co-worker with God. So let us be in every phase of life, co-workers with the Lord."

"Upon my soul, he'd make a good preacher. What he says ain't churchish, but its got plenty of good, sound horse sense. Did he say anything else, mate?"

"No, but just about the time we were ready to trim our sails, up flies this Miss Eppes with another lady and she had a piano-acordeon. Man, she sure did give those keys a fit. That dame played like an organ, then she played real cheerful music, and I was letting my feet jig away when she changed it to something soothing like; reminded me a day like this, cool breezes and warm sun above. Ship mate, she could play anything—old and new. We gave her some powerful hand clapping, too! I tell you, you clean this deck up as if Neptune

was coming tomorrow, and next time I go to F. S. T. C. I'll bring you in too."



## PERSONALS

Heave to, me hearties, and hear the dirt from the hold of this man-o'-war:

Dot Hester spent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the infirmary. Glad you're out, Dot. Carrie Dunkum is trying to copy that venerable old sea captain, Long John Silver, by spraining her ankle. Hope it's better soon.

Cat Ficklin's all agog. Her mother is spending the week-end of the 22nd here with her.

Speaking of agog—Jeannette Luther nearly lost her middle when "Bubba" arrived last week. He didn't stay long, but it's just as well, for she couldn't hit the deck 'till he left.

Mrs. Bushnell is hostess at Atlantic City. Pass around the bottle and we'll all take a drink to our captain! Heave ho!

Visitors aboard—Kate Rawls, Kitty Hatch, Sophie Goodman from Franklin climbed on deck to see Sarah Daughtery and Nellie Rawls.

Dirty work about! Mamie Hand caught her knee in the stair railing in Virginia Hall and stood imitating a sailor's parrot until Mrs. Bushnell and a few other strong-armed hardies released her.

Virginia Mitchell, an old member of our crew came Sunday, with friends from Richmond, to see Nellie Roberts.

Liz Upchurch was a-twitter with enthusiasm when the 9:45 Friday night brought Elizabeth Halloman from Lawrenceville.

Clear the decks. The cat-o-nine-tails to half of the male population of Fredericksburg! Why? Hsst, me lads!

Grub? Yea, m'lads! Grub! Catherine Lawrence and Sarah Norfleet Daughtery made merry with their friends on Friday night. Norene King, Mary Crampton, Nellie Rawls and Madeline Jones were there.

Heave anchor! port to starboard! Bells to the bosun! Heave port for Friday 21st. Dot Hester is setting sail for Margaret Quinn's home; Leslie Watts, Virginia Elmer and Ina Brothers sailing with Mary Lou Blalock; Anna Hunter with Mittie Turner, Maron Broadus with Carrie Dunkum.

Ritchie and Emma McAtee hopped off to Port Richmond with one of their mates, Anne Bryant.

From the Crow's Nest the cook watched "Jo" Barr set all sails for Richmond and do a sailor's hornpipe with Charlie the whole week-end.

While our rig was docked at the Newport News Shipyard for repairs, Dinty Moore, "Jo" Barr and Kitty Jefferson took a leave to see a former mate, Merkie Parker.

Estelle White was given a week-end leave to spend it at Virginia Beach with a friend.

## A School of Club's Fish Sighted

The ship slowly plowed its way through the last few yards of Rappahannock water to Ol' Fredericksburg's dock amid cheers and greetings of surprised pleasure. It was marvelously silhouetted against setting sun. The crowd pressed closed. Two sailors were seen to pass through the jam, stop, look at their watches—a word, a backward glance—then quickly ascend the hill toward S. T. C. Already they were late for the Peanut Club Bridge Party which was being given in the club room. Upon arriving they completed the fifth table. After cards were laid aside a delicious salad course was served. A splendid hospitable spirit was manifested throughout the party. Dancing brought the party to a close.

The sailors, being due at ship then, were leaving Virginia Hall when a familiar voice checked them. One of the voice's, a girl—as usually it is around here, remarked: "Of course the Dramatic Club is going over big this

Have you heard about the big blowout Saturday nite, February 15th? Miriam Bodine staged a gala bridge party right up on deck. She invited all these sailors since they were kind enough to scrub the decks: Ethel Ellerton, Olga Jensen, Elsie Powell, Mary Clements, Elsie Poplin, Jean Ehler, Ina Brothers, Lois Ehler. And what food!—The fishes did not go hungry for a week.

While this blowout was being blown, there was another brawl being thrown down in the stoke hole. Misses Helen Sauers and Harriet Thompson, the stokers, were honoring their friends, the stevedores from Singapore, the Misses Helen Ivy, Aubria and Inez Mylum and Frances Yowell.

Up on the forward deck the midshipmen, Margaret Mitchell, Mattie Farley and Louise Epperson were making whoopee for their honor guest, Elizabeth Holoman of Lawrenceville, who was bunking with Elizabeth Upchurch.

## Brent's Stores

INCORPORATED

The Women's Store

That Caters to Women's

Wants

READY-TO-WEAR

MILLINERY

Dry Goods—Novelties

Corner Main and George Sts.

year. Remember the plays we have given? Then, too, we are getting up three-act plays entitled 'Three Live Ghosts' to be given first of April, Auriber Easter, and on May Day our club will also sponsor 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' I think we have a most efficient club."

"Yes, it's true," remarked the other voice, "But you must admit the Choral Club has done many outstanding things. Have you heard of the Operetta—which the Choral and Choir Clubs are sponsoring? Boy, it will be a knockout! Then, the first of May we're going to University of Virginia to sing to those hard-boiled Co-eds. The girls are surely interested."

Not knowing the girls concerned, the sailor at last turned and followed the little detour sign down the hill.

A roar, as of water gushing over a big precipice out of an abyss, that suddenly grew louder and both lads looked up to see a dipping aeroplane close over them. A pennant was being waved by the pilot. As the plane neared, the sailors noticed that on it was written Eastern Shore Club. Sure enough, for there in its corner was the emblem—a large potato.

## GOOLRICK'S Modern Pharmacy

"The Friendly Drug Store"

It has been our aim to please the Students and Faculty of the State Teachers College in the Past. It shall be our aim in the future

## Shoes Shoes Shoes

Not the Cheap Ones

but

Fredericksburg's Best Shoe Store

Where We Buy Our Shoes

Coupon

This coupon is good for 50c on the purchase of any shoes from

BROWN AND CRISMOND  
Main Street

STATISTICS PROVE

that

ON THE HILL  
THE BEST GROOMED GIRLS

Buy Their Cosmetics HERE  
We Have Studied the Needs of College Girls  
So Let Us Serve You

BOND'S DRUG STORE  
Corner of Main and Commerce





Things that men have given me:

Fits,  
Encouragement,  
The Blues,  
A Pain,  
Excuses,  
Brotherly Advice,  
Other kinds of advice,  
The Headache,  
The Air.

It's easy to smile  
When you're full of style  
And overflowing with money;  
But the chap worth while  
Is the one who can smile  
When the other guy ain't funny.

#### A Very Short Story

At 10 he pressed her hand.  
At 15 he pressed his love.  
At 20 he pressed her lips.  
At 25 he was pressed for money.  
At 30 he did his own pressing.

Dr. Stull: Miss Rhinehardt,  
are you from New Jersey, too?  
Skinny: No, indeed; I talk this  
way because I cut my mouth on  
a bottle.

Theme song of F. S. T. C.  
crew after eating chicken salad:  
"Heave ho, my lads; heave ho!"

If you are caught red handed,  
be nonchalant; tell 'em you cut  
your hand.

Dr. Shankle: Ruby, do you  
know anything about the Roman-  
tic Movement?

Ruby (eagerly): No, sir; but  
I'd like to learn.

Sheedy: Were you called up,  
Martha?

Martha: Yes, I reached for a  
Lucky instead of a Sweet—when  
I should have walked a mile for  
a Camel.

Sheedy: Ah, be nonchalant  
and light a Murad.

#### WEATHER REPORT

Change—Alice Archibald.  
Very Fair—Doris Mundy.  
Look out for a Heavy Blow—  
Sara Barger.

Windy—Marion Roberts.  
Hot—"Jo" Barr.  
Snappy Weather—Sara Har-  
ris.

Chilly—Ritchie McAttee.  
Settled—Mary Rodgers.  
Mist (Missed)—Nora Rose.

Calm—Nan Collier.  
Blue Skies—Grace McKeznie.  
Balmy—Emily Ailsworth.

Sunny—Mary Kathryn Shultz.  
Quiet—Rosalind Decker.  
Lightning—Nancy Harding.

Warmer—Lucy Mister.  
Bright—Lucy Le Gallais.  
No Change—Beulah Boswell.

All sorts of Airs—Miss En-  
ders.

Serene—Mary Clements.  
Mild—Caroline Davis.  
Breezy—Martha Hurst.  
Pleasant—Elizabeth Saunders.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

It was a cold stormy night and  
as the ship "Basketball" tossed to  
and fro the Sailors said "Captain,  
tell us a story," and the captain  
began—

"Well, my lads, it was along  
about the twenty-fourth of Feb-  
ruary and I was supposed to have  
been docked in Maryland to en-  
counter the enemy ship, "West-  
ern Maryland." We sailed forth  
on a calm night and as I was but  
a sailor myself then, I well re-  
member the spirit of my mates.  
As we neared our harbor out of  
the sea arose that monster "fear,"  
followed on another side by  
"courage." The two engaged in  
a battle and almost immediately  
courage was victorious.

We were there! A sharp whis-  
tle and the battle started. Our  
men were alert. More than once  
the guards stopped those who in-  
vade our territory. Many a cry  
arose when our brave sharp  
shooters broke their opponents'  
defense for a gain. Not less  
worthy of mention was the quick  
pass work which the men grouped  
around center did. They passed  
the ammunition to the crew with  
such speed as to guarantee vic-  
tory, which was not long in com-  
ing—24-23, and a light hearted  
crew sailed home—"

#### SAIL ON, O SHIP OF BASKETBALL

The old ship "Basketball,"  
after having been in dock for a  
period, left once more on a cruise.  
This time she was to encounter  
"Westhampton," docked in Rich-  
mond. The crew was quite a  
hearty one, though their ship had  
been badly mangled in a recent  
handling by two of the strong  
mates. With sails set high and a  
steady crew she pulled her ropes  
in and sailed to invade Richmond.  
Her arrival was quite timely, due  
to the fact the crew of West-  
hampton was gaining each day in  
strength. Once more our ship-  
ment stood by their guns in per-  
fect form. One hearty lad insist-  
ed on wearing his cap and thus  
when, during the thickest of the  
fray, a bit of wood almost re-  
moved it, the spectators were  
highly amused at his efforts to  
hold it on and stay with his op-  
ponent. There were no deaths,  
due to the careful training; there-  
fore, each man held his own until  
the end, with no one victor, but  
each having nineteen points.

And when, again, these lads go  
forth let it be with the aye, aye  
of each one of you.

Those leaving on our ship  
were:

Corkins ..... Center  
Broadus ..... Side Center  
Dance ..... Forward  
Moore ..... Forward  
Harris ..... Guard  
Dooboi ..... Guard

Eugene Permanent Waving  
and Finger Waving

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#### "BIG, BAD, AND BOLD"

Have you ever heard of the pi-  
rates three

That roved the Spanish Main,  
And stole and robbed and plun-  
dered ships,  
And then roved home again?

The first of the three was Captain  
Emily,

The wickedest of the crew;  
With lots of nerve and a wooden  
leg,  
She often drank home-brew.

The second man was the sailor,  
Ritchie,

A square-head blackguard bold;  
She'd killed nigh on to twenty  
men,  
If all of them were told.

The third, a tough from Hamp-  
ton.

When all is done and said,  
She planned the trio's escapades,  
'Cause she'd a Caesar's head.

When they had got their fill of  
gold,

To S. T. C. they returned;  
To settle down to peaceful life,  
Which they had justly earned.

But can a lifetime's habits strong  
Be ever cast aside?

They now sell clothing on good  
terms;  
And then teach school besides.

Sophomores and sailors,  
A Billy-Goat, black and gold;  
A sponsor, once a Devil,  
Ready to change her soul.

Yellow jackets and Hockey,  
Soccer—a booming sail.  
Then we see the Sophomores  
"From Behind the Veil."

Sophomores and sailors,  
Seniors, and we rally,  
Election and our cheerleaders,  
Sophomores—Nancy and Sally,  
R. V. D., '32.

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#### STUDENT GOVERNMENT DANCE

Excitement ran riot on board  
when it was announced that on  
February 10 Student Government  
would hold an informal dance be-  
low deck. All good sailors re-  
solved to be there if duty did not  
interfere.

On Monday night at 7:30 the  
orchestra of Fredericksburg High  
School began tuning up. A good  
crowd of sailors had already as-  
sembled, and soon the officers be-  
gan to appear. Above the hub-  
bub of light laughter and chatter  
could be heard the plaintive sigh  
of the violin, the thump of drums  
and the low wail of the saxo-  
phone.

Good spirit reigned every-  
where. Smiling faces hid the  
dread fear of a test on the mor-  
row.

As the numbers improved in  
popularity and rhythm they were  
called for again and again by the  
tempestuous mariners.

Suddenly, "Home Sweet  
Home" was played. The ship  
was dark; the dancers gone.

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